

## GIRAFFES IN EUROPE.

THE DIFFICULTY OF OBTAINING THEM FOR EXHIBITION.

Julius Caesar Was the First to Import Them for the Amusement and Entertainment of the Roman People. England Saw Several in 1836.

The first giraffe seen in Europe since the tertiary epoch was obtained from Alexandria by Julius Caesar and exhibited at the Circus Maximus to crowds who expected from its name, "camelopard," to find in it a combination of the size of a camel and the ferocity of a panther. Pliny, who described it, echoed the public disappointment. "It was as quiet," he wrote, "as a sheep."

The trade probably reached its maximum after it became the fashion to exhibit combats of wild beasts at Rome; yet even then giraffes seem to have been scarce in the popular shows, though Pompey could exhibit 500 lions at a time, and the Emperor Titus, at the dedication of his new theater, caused the slaughter of 5,000 wild beasts. Either the number of wild animals in the provinces must have been beyond anything since known, or the Roman governors must have used their despotic powers freely to oblige their friends.

Despots are the best collectors, and from the fall of the Roman empire till the arrival of those placed in the zoological gardens in 1836 the rare appearances of the giraffe in Europe were in each case due to the munificence of eastern sultans and pashas. The prince of Damascus gave one to the Emperor Frederick II in 1215, and the sultan of Egypt presented another to Lorenzo the Magnificent, which became the pet of Florence, and used to be allowed to walk in the streets and take the presents of fruit and cakes extended to it from the balconies. From this time the giraffe was not seen in Europe until in 1827 the pasha of Egypt sent four to Constantinople, Venice, England and France respectively.

The giraffe sent to England was in bad health and soon died; but the Parisians went wild over the pasha's present. It had spent the winter at Marseilles, and thence to the pasha's residence, where the pasha had sent over for its use from Egypt. The prefect of Marseilles had the arms of France embroidered on its body cloth, and it entered Paris escorted by a Darfour negro, Hassan, an Arab; a Marais groom, a mulatto interpreter, the prefect of Marseilles himself and a professor from the "Jardin des Plantes," while troops kept back the crowd. Thousands came every day to see it, and men and women wore gloves, gowns and waistcoats of the color of its spots.

But the successful expenditure by which, in 1836, M. Thibaut procured a stock of giraffes for the Zoological society owed nothing to the patronage of the pasha of Egypt beyond permission to enter the Sudan. The caravan left the Nile near Dongola, and thence passed on to the desert of Kordofan. There M. Thibaut engaged the services of the Arab sword hunters, whose skill and courage were of such service to Sir Samuel Baker in his expedition thirty years later to the sources of the Nile tributaries, and in two days they sighted the giraffes.

A female with a fawn was first pursued by the Arabs, who killed the animal with their swords, and next day tracked and caught the fawn in the thorny mimosa scrub. For four days the young giraffe was secured by a cord, the end of which was held by one of the Arabs; at the end of that time it was perfectly tame, and trotted after the caravan with the female camels which had been brought to supply it with milk. The Arabs were excellent nurses, and taught the young creature to drink milk by putting their fingers into its mouth and so inducing it to suck.

Four others which M. Thibaut caught died in the cold weather in the desert. But he replaced three of these and brought four, including the first taken, down the Nile to Alexandria, and then by ship to Malta. "Providence alone," he wrote, "enabled me to surmount these difficulties." From Malta they were brought to London and safely lodged in the Zoological gardens in the summer of 1836. The largest was then about eleven feet high, the height of an adult male being twelve feet at the shoulders and eighteen feet at the head. For many years, as we have said, the giraffes thrived and multiplied. They readily took to European food, and ate hay and fresh grass from the tall racks with which their stables were fitted.

Onions and sugar were their favorite delicacies, and in search of sugar they would follow their keepers and slip their long prehensile tongues into his hands or pockets. But they always retained a liking for eating flowers, a reminiscence perhaps of the days when their parents feasted on mimosa blossoms in the desert; some time ago one was seen to stretch its neck over the railings and to delicately nip off an artificial rose in a young lady's hat. They were most affectionate creatures, and as M. Thibaut noticed when in charge of them in upper Egypt, would shed tears if they missed their companions or their usual attendants.

But the development of the lachrymal ducts, which enable the giraffe to express its emotions in this very human fashion, is less obvious than the wonderful size and beauty of the eyes themselves, which are far larger than those of any other quadruped. While the mahdi's power remains unbroken at Khartoum, there is little probability that the Sudan traders will be able to supply any giraffes to occupy the empty house in Regent's park.—London Spectator.

### Streets for the Florist.

In Hartford there is a succession of streets named as follows: Edward, Smith, Grand, Flower, Garden. Edward Smith ought certainly to have a grand flower garden to occupy so many streets.—Meehan's Monthly.

## A PLEA FOR MOTHERS.

An Amendment Offered to the Advice of a Woman Lecturer.

A few evenings ago a Boston woman journalist, who writes the essays about bookmarks, gluten bread, dress reform corsets and the like for the woman's column of a Sunday paper, read a lecture to a parlor full of Harlem women. Her subject was "How to Bring Up Children."

One thing that she insisted on was that children should be taught to "do things," to be prepared for emergencies. "For example," said she, "I would teach a child what to do in case of a fainting fit. I say to my girls:

"Girls, I am not much of a hand at fainting, but if I do take a notion to faint some day when you are about, get me some water. Pour it on my head and face. Cold water, girls, not hot water."

"I'm sure that if the unexpected comes, and I fall in a fainting fit some fine morning, the girls, if they happen to be near, will know what to do and will do it promptly."

"May I interrupt you for a moment?" asked a little brown haired woman, who looked to be about fifty.

"Why, certainly," answered the lecturer.

"Well, what I wish to do," said the brown haired woman, "is to take issue with you on this proposition of yours that it is the proper thing to instruct children what to do to their mothers when they faint. On other points I have nothing to say. Maybe you are right in the general proposition that children should be taught to do things, but as to this matter I wish to utter a warning word, to offer an amendment, so to speak."

"I used to think as you do. I remember as well as can be how I used to tell my girls to do the very thing that you say you told yours to do. I thought as you do, that it would be a shame to leave any person who should faint in the presence of my girls go without proper care. So I used to say: 'Remember, girls, to use water. That's the thing when a baby faints.'

"Well, one day some one came to my house and told me that a little boy had been hurt in the next yard. I was almost ill at the time, but just the same I rushed out to the scene. The little chap was badly hurt, and it took me quite awhile to get him in such a way that I could safely leave him. But the time came at last, and I started for home."

"When I was within about a rod of my own house I grew dizzy and saw stars and then fell in a heap in the gutter."

"A couple of Irishmen picked me up, each taking an arm, and dragged me up my front steps and laid me out on the piazza. Then they rang the bell, and when my daughter Isabelle came to the door one of them pointed at me and said:

"Good avenin, miss, an is that yer mother there, lyin all in a heap dead fainted away?"

"Isabelle gave one look and then called out to her two sisters, 'Quick, girls, ma's fainted!'

"After that the deluge! Yes, that tells the story. Isabelle got the ice pitcher, Mary a foot tub and Kate a ten quart tin pail. I consider it almost a miracle that I'm alive today."

"Of course I'm telling all this from hearsay. I didn't know anything from the time that I fainted until I heard Kate frantically crying out: 'Water! More water! Quick, Isabelle, more water!' and just after that one of the Irishmen saying, 'Be aisy, darlint, or ye'll be after drownin yer ould mother!'

"Well, that doesn't begin to tell the story. I was soaked, and great streams of water were running off the piazza and down the stairs."

"You did just right girls," I said as soon as I could speak. "You did just what your mother told you to do, but don't do it again."

"Then I got down on my knees and wrung out my skirts as well as I could and while I was in that position I could hardly keep myself from saying, 'Oh Lord, I thank thee that they didn't call out the fire department!'

"Now, I've taken up lots of your time, but I wished to make an amendment to your proposition. What I would propose is that every mother save her own self from the danger of drowning by saying to her girls when she bids them pour water on 'fainters,' 'Be sure my dears to try the remedy for the first time on somebody else than your own dear mamma.'—New York Times.

### Telling About It.

An old lady is said to have been asked how to tell good indigo. "Powder the indigo," said she, "sprinkle it upon cold water, and if it is good it will either sink or swim, I have forgotten which."

It was the same with Aunt Charity's eggs.

"Jest take a dozen of 'em—no, a half a dozen of 'em—no, it's a dozen—well, really, I can't say, but it's either a dozen or a half dozen—and you put 'em in a pailful—no, a half pailful—part full—no, it's a pailful—no—well, well, it's either a pailful or a half pailful of water—and the good eggs will swim on top—no, the good eggs will sink to the bottom—no, that's not it—the good eggs will swim—no, no, I delare, I don't really know, but, anyway, the good eggs will either sink or swim."—Housekeeper.

### Satan's Sign Manual.

A Bates county farmer saw a bolt of lightning strike in the center of one of his fields, and being curious to see the effects of the stroke visited the spot. He found the subtle fluid had left its mark in the shape of an enormous "D" of an angry red color, and had no doubt that it was the sign manual of the arch fiend himself.—Kansas City Journal.

### Had No Opportunity.

Professor (examining an applicant for a teacher's certificate)—Can you decline "love," Miss Gasloy?  
Miss Gasloy (bashfully)—I never have had a chance, sir.—Detroit Free Press.

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That breaks this record. This is June 6, and I have received since May 15, 16 patients that were afflicted with tape worm. I removed eight of them and have two preparing for treatment. Now, some of the supposed bright lights of Allegheny, Pittsburg and suburbs say I buy the tape worms, cancers, etc., that I exhibit in my windows, from the hospitals. In answer I simply offer to give \$1,000 to any of these all-wise beings if they will produce a man or set of men that will meet and compete with me before the public on cures of tape worm, cancer, catarrh, scrofula, or all the so called incurable ailments of the human family. Further, I will take my System Renovator and go on public exhibition with any or all such all-wise people, all patent medicine men and all advertising quacks in the land and take like cases as they come and beat them and prove to the public that they do not know what the human body is composed of, or if they do, they do not know how to treat it in sickness. I treat through the blood with nature's remedies, roots and herbs. System Renovator is a non secret, honest preparation, composed of dandelion, Mayapple, Buchu, quassia, cinchona, cascara, sagrada, gentian, anasafra, boneset, kidney wort and sarsaparilla. System Renovator costs \$1.00 per bottle; or 6 bottles for \$5.00, at druggists or Dr. J. A. HURGOON, 47 Ohio St., Allegheny City, Pa. Office Hours—8 A. M. to 9 P. M. Hours for Consultation—8 A. M. to 2 P. M. Sunday office hours and for consultation—8 A. M. to 12 M.

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